

Nerf War

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Summary: Wars were fought, Won and lost meant naught. Free of duty now, fun he's going to allow. Having fallen in love, his depression she bring him above. Nerf war was fought, losing meant naught.

Nerf War

Oneshot: Nerf War

"Nerf?" He asked, the word foreign upon his tongue "what is it?" His brown eyes held nothing but curiosity and confusion.

"It's a simple and fun, really," a woman said. "There are many different guns-"

"How is a game with guns simple and fun?" He interrupted. The woman rolled her eyes and in a flash her hand, which had been supposedly grasping her back pocket flew forward with a tiny gun that was as small as, if not smaller, than her hand. The man took too long to react and she pulled the trigger before he could stop her. His hand had reached out and grasped hers and pointed it away yet still the small orange projectile hit him and then fell to the ground.

"What?"

"Nerf, the guns are simple pump of air and the foam bullets don't hurt. Wanna play?" The small orange and yellow gun was taken from her and he examined it. "This is one of my favorites. It's small and nearly unnoticeable. But I know of a few that I think would be perfect for you, John." John looked to the woman and nodded. Perhaps this will help with the anxiety that he'd been feeling since the war had ended. A simple fighting game that will not let him accidentally harm others.

A nod from him was all the woman wanted, and just what she got. She led the Ex-Spartan to a room where he saw more orange and yellow Nerf

guns. He was slightly baffled by the variety. There was what looked like sub machine guns, a sniper, even shot guns.

The woman looked him over before grabbing the shot gun and a rifle. She handed him the two and then handed him a Velcro vest that barely stayed on him, being as large as he was that was no surprise. "Okay, so if anyone hits any of these 'fatal' parts," she hit him with the small hand gun of hers causing the vest to light up, "and you are 'dead'. You have to leave the 'field' and if the others that are out too want, you can just have a fun little game of shooting each other." She filled a belt with extra ammo and ammo cases. "Also, picking up ammo from the ground is allowed." She clipped the rifle onto his belt and clipped a pistol onto it as well. "Wait there for me."

John sat on the bench she had indicated and watched as she strapped on her own vest and a belt like his. She took a pistol looking one, but it had several pieces that would fit together to make it more of a rifle, and what looked like a sniper rifle. "How does this game work? Are we on teams?" His deep voice questioned as they left through a door.

"No, it's a free for all. I mean you can team up, but by the end you and your team have to separate." She led him to an outdoor building where he saw several guys laughing and shoving each other. "Got us a newbie," she called out getting their attention, "but he's a veteran, so be wary," her wink made the men laugh.

"Hey, man, good luck." One of the guys said to John. "Guess we're all here, let's go in." The man opened the door they all had gathered around. John did a quick once over of the place and saw that it was like a maze. This game may present a challenge for him yet.

The men immediately spread out as John had looked the place over. The woman laid her hand on his arm and caught his attention. "You might want to take cover." Then she ran. Her feet made no sound as she carefully moved away from him.

John watched her form as she moved. Though his eyes were trained on her he easily side stepped a Nerf dart. As soon as she was out of his sights he moved. His speed was unmatched by any of the humans, as a Spartan he was made to be faster. He was made to win, even silly little games such as this one. Spinning around a corner John pulled up his shot gun and from his spot ten feet away he pulled the trigger and nailed the guy in the back. His vest light up red, signifying his loss.

John caught sight of another guy and he shot, had the man not moved when he had the Nerf dart would have hit his chest and not just his shoulder. John shot, the man dodged. The man shot, John dodged and moved closer. John didn't recognize the man's face. Pulling the trigger again John realized that the Shotgun was out of ammo. The man smirked and raised his gun to shoot John but suddenly his vest light up blue and he cursed.

It seemed that John hadn't been given all of the information about this game. Like why there were different colored vests. A shot from on top of the wall flew past him and the illuminated light from another blue vest light up behind him. John didn't spare the man a glance but focused on where the shot had come from and found the

shooter. His small little woman was up there sniping. Chief gave her a small nod of thanks and moved with his greater speed and stealth.

It wasn't long before he had ran out of ammo and shouldering all of his weapons he began to search for ammo on the ground yet he found nothing. Then he spotted one. As soon as he picked it up and put it into the gun he noticed another.

Every time he found one and picked it up he soon found another until he had five. By the time he got the last one he had realized what was going on. His little sniper woman was shooting around him, giving him ammo. His eyes glanced to the large screen that held the number of players left. Four; him, his sniper, and two others. Now one other.

John found the last man soon enough and shot him dead center of his chest, but not on a kill spot. A shot from behind him flew past him and shot the man. John looked to his little sniper woman and took note of her lack of ammo. Her sniper rifle was hung over her shoulder with no clip in it and the pistol-rifle she had was now empty too. She had no ammo at all. He had four shots left. "Damn," she cursed and shrugged walking up to him, "guess that there's only one way to figure out who wins now."

John held his gun up to shot her but hesitated. This was a shooting only game and she had nothing left. So he had to ask, "and how's that?"

"Physical contact is not permitted," she whispered as she leaned up on her tip toes to get closer to him. Subconsciously he slouched over and leaned down just enough that their lips did not touch, yet close enough they could feel each other's breath. "But I'll win, like this."

His vest light up bright violet, the tiny gun that she had first showed him was in her equally tiny hand. The single shot it could carry had just been evacuated upon him. "Physical contact?" He questioned, not really caring anymore. Without waiting for a reply his hand cupped her neck and pulled her closer so he could crash his lips on hers.

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